

Zadie's LITERARY OR, *Museum*



Weekly Repository.

"Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

Zaida....A Romance.

(Continued.)

The time was come when the faithful grey-headed Mehemet could no longer prevent the long expected crisis. He had in vain enkindled the flame of jealousy in the favorite sultaness; he had in vain invented frivolous excuses to gain time: the sultan became daily more importunate, and the danger less avoidable.

'To-morrow,' said the aga one evening, with downcast looks, 'to-morrow your highness will meet Zaida on the terasse of the sultanesses.' Muhamed, at the break of day, walked on the terasse.

Zaida appeared: eight or ten of the most beautiful girls of the seraglio, dressed in the most voluptuous manner, accompanied her; but Zaida's dress was plain. 'Thou art Zaida,' exclaimed Muhamed: 'thou art Zaida, the jewel of my seraglio.' The trembling girl cast down her eyes.

A splendid breakfast was prepared in the lower garden, near the sea. They descended and entered a grotto, decorated with mussels and corals, and lighted up with a thousand beautiful lamps. Soon after breakfast, the girls with looks of envy retired, and left Zaida alone with the emperor.

NUMBER 23.

Muhamed. Zaida, thou art trembling!

Zaida. I tremble, sir!

Muhamed. Not at the title of *sultan*, I hope?

Zaida. No. They tell me, thou hast never forgot that thou art a man.

Muhamed. They told thee the truth—But of what art thou afraid?

Zaida. I tremble, sir—I tremble to become ungrateful.

Muhamed. Ungrateful?

Zaida. Thou hast already overwhelmed me with beneficence; I fear I cannot reward thee for it.

Muhamed. Fear nothing! One of thy looks out-balances the present of a kingdom. Away with the cloud that covers the sun! My beneficence, if thou art pleased to call it so, will increase, if I dare hope to make some impression upon thy heart.

Zaida. On what heart?

Muhamed. On thine. (Smiling.) Or hast thou more than one?

Zaida. I have one for friendship and one for love.

Muhamed. Well, then, give me both.

Zaida. Neither of them is in the power of any human being. Friendship is founded on esteem and coincidence of sentiments: love—I do not

VOLUME I.

know upon what! Thou hast gained my esteem; our sentiments are the same, for I read the goodness of thine heart even in thine exalted looks. Take, therefore, the heart of friendship; but—but let me keep the other! (*A melancholy tear glittered in her eyes—her voice was the most mellow, the most flattering ever produced by a human organ,*)

Muhamed. (*Surprised and moved against his will,*) Do my ears deceive me? An hundred of thy sisters are languishing for a happiness which thou disdainfully throwest from thee.

Zaida. Disdainfully? Do not give it that appellation.

Muhamed. It is disdain, dear Zaida! It is disdain, or female affection. Splendor and honor await thee.

Zaida. But, is it from splendor and honor we derive happiness? Thou art the emperor of the Ottomans; half a world is trembling at thy feet; glory and honor surround thy throne; art thou then happier with all this glory?

Muhamed. (*Highly surprised.*) Girl!

Zaida. Freedom is the greatest blessing. Without liberty even the rosy fetters of love are converted into jarring chains—and were men to expect from us true love, why those bolts and guards? True love needs neither bolt nor lock, neither eunuchs nor dumb servants; and a faithless heart will find its way to vice even thro raging fire.

Muhamed. (*Whose astonishment increases.*) Zaida!

Zaida. What are thy feelings when thou holdest a girl in thine arms, who with trembling approaches thee, by thine orders, who considers herself a sacrifice, and drops a tear into thy cup of pleasure? Surprise is depicted in thy countenance. It is, perhaps, the first time thou hast heard such language; but it will not miss its aim at thine heart. There are thousands that are wishing to share thy bed; leave a foolish girl to her romantic whims!

Muhamed. Thou art right: it is the first time I hear this from the lips of a woman; but why should those lips be the most beautiful my eyes ever beheld? Why should this heart that rejects me, entertain the most refined, the most attracting sentiments? Who art thou, girl, with the most enchanting countenance and lips of honey? Well! Muhamed knows how to be condescending; he knows how to remove the loathsome splendor, near which true love rarely finds its abode. Forget that I am an emperor! Behold me as a man

only, whose heart alone sues for thy love, and perhaps deserves it.

Zaida. Ah! an emperor at the feet of a girl still remains an emperor. We may an hundred times forget his greatness, and an hundred times his greatness betrays itself by a majestic look. It is only by time and conversation that the rights of humanity become replaced in their proper sphere; time and conversation alone disclose to us an hundred weaknesses which at last bring down to us the demi-god, whom distance and our overstrained imagination had placed among higher beings. Till then we honor him, and never in his presence yield to any of our natural feelings; but then—then only we can love him.

Muhamed. If I understand thee right, thou art endeavoring, by this fine texture of female sophistry, to point out to me the path I have to walk upon; thou art preparing me for whims and humors, and throw difficulties in the way of the most enchanting victory, perhaps for months to come.

Zaida. Perhaps for years.

Muhamed. (*Surprised.*) How! dost thou forget that I might command, instead of soliciting?

Zaida. I never have forgot that. Thou canst command to throw myself, with the agonies of grief, into thine arms; but canst thou command me to love thee? Believe me, sire, if love were a thing formed for command it would not be half so charming.

Muhamed. Irresistible being! Be it so! I will endeavor to deserve thy love. But, forgive me if I do not know how to lay siege to the heart of a girl.

Zaida. (*Smiling.*) Because thou art an emperor. But now I entreat thee to leave me to myself, I am in need of rest.

Muhamed. (*Hastily.*) I leave thee?

Zaida. Again! This is the language of an emperor!

Muhamed. (*Smiling.*) Inconceivable creature! I am going, rejected by thee, yet I leave thee without anger. (*Taking her by the hand.*) Put my obedience upon the list of trials thou hast in store for me.

Muhamed departed, and Zaida, by a deep sigh, relieved her oppressed heart. This time the crisis was averted that menaced the sanctuary of love—But for how long a time? Zaida never thought of it, for the thoughts of love never reach farther than the eye can see. She joyfully returned to the seraglio, and threw herself into Vulima's arms.

Zaida's indifference to honor and splendor, her coldness towards him, might have been very easily explained by the idea of a favored rival—but no! away with this tormenting thought! Muhamed will not be jealous; he will not degrade his love by base suspicions; he will not—Yet, he ordered, without scarcely knowing it himself, to remove Zaida to the seraglio, called Calcedonia, on the other side of the straits.

This order was to the old faithful Mehemet as unexpected as it was terrifying—His office bound him to the person of the sultan, and the seraglio of Calcedonia was under the inspection of the kislar-kiasi. Zaida therefore was deprived of the consolation of pouring her grief into the bosom of the friend of Soliman. The order however was peremptory, and all the aga could do to ameliorate her fate, was to send some of his most faithful eunuchs, and such women for her service, on whose silence and attachment he could rely.

Prince Soliman, Siavus and Cuproli, meanwhile, held a secret nightly meeting. All agreed that the grand vizier could only be ruined by force, and that they should wait till the next campaign, and then to disseminate mistrust and rebellion among the army. The venerable ulemma, they said, will meanwhile act their part in the capital; the irritated populace will at last demand the vizier's head, and then Muhamed must obey the clamors of the multitude, if his own life is dear to him. They took an oath of fidelity and secrecy, but certainly with a view of betraying each other as soon as any advantage could be derived from it, and then parted.

Some weeks passed without any remarkable occurrence. The emperor was in love, and spoke much; Zaida was indifferent, and spoke little: the prince and his associates were brooding, and Soliman in solitude nourished melancholy thoughts. The hope of seeing Zaida, even for a moment only, had vanished since she languished in the seraglio of Calcedonia. It was too dangerous to entrust the kislar-kiasi with the secret, and his friend Mehemet could do nothing more for him but to convey now and then letters by secret hands. Even this was great consolation for the lovers; they corresponded often, but as the letters contained always the same thing, we will not give them to the reader.

(To be continued.)

Contradiction in Conversation.

In company, when a fact is stated, or an opinion offered, it often happens, that a certain portion of the hearers, instead of reflecting whether they may not, without impropriety, or a violation of veracity, assent to the opinion, or admit the fact, torture their imaginations to find out any improbability in the latter, or exception to the former. The first is by far the most unjustifiable; and, if the fact be stated on the authority of the narrator, is a violation of the fundamental rules of decency and politeness, amounting absolutely to a declaration that the speaker lies. This procedure is so truly shocking, that no person who has the smallest pretensions to the character of a gentleman, will be guilty of it.

On the subject of opinions advanced, the case is somewhat different. Contradiction here is not by any means so offensive or ungentlemanly. But even in this case much impropriety of conduct and gross errors prevail. There are many persons, highly estimable in every other point of view, who, when a position is advanced, which is perfectly correct in nineteen cases out of twenty, overlook the nineteen cases which, according to all the rules of politeness, not only admit, but imperiously demand, assent. They advance the solitary *exception*, and, on that, hazard a flat and unqualified contradiction. The speaker is reduced to the very unpleasant alternative of either abandoning in silence the ground he has taken, and thus yielding an easy triumph to his ungentlemanly opponent, or else of entering into a long and tedious argument to support his opinion. If he adopt the latter plan, it produces a similar effort on the opposite side. The consequence is too frequently irritation and anger between the parties. And thus is too often banished the harmony of the whole circle.

It is unnecessary to state how diametrically opposite this is to the character and conduct of a gentleman. I venture to assert that urbanity requires us frequently to pass over in silence opinions which we have reason to believe entirely erroneous: for if we are to contradict every thing we hear advanced in company, which we disbelieve, it destroys the chief pleasure of social intercourse, and changes conversation into disputation and contention.—[Port-Folio.]

“My Lady Daub.”

Was there ever such an unfortunate business as this? If ever I have any thing to do again with paintings, and washings, and cosmetics? But I am sure I am not to blame; for I'll swear I put in every thing that was set down in the printed book. You must know, I am own maid to lady Daub, and it is my place to fill up the wrinkles in her ladyship's face as soon as they appear; and I am obliged to be on the alert, I assure you. In the discharge of this office, I have met with a terrible misfortune; but I told my lady, and I will say it again and again, it is not my fault. She should have been more cautious; for, previous to this affair, she had an awkward mishap, which I must relate. She saw in the papers an advertisement for a *depilatory*, or some such name, to remove superfluous hairs. This she accordingly rubbed round her mouth, and it did remove the hairs, I must confess; but the deuce a bit would they stir without taking all the flesh with them. It affected her eyes too; and obliged her, for some time, to use a black shade; which, with her large mouth, made her look for all the world like Harlequin in a pantomime.

My sister Sall, applied some of this stuff to her arm, and the hairs did disappear for a time, but they soon grew again with a vengeance; and should you see her arm now, a bear's paw, or a blacking-brush, are white to it.

But, to return to my lady; all this is nothing to what is ensuing. She had got hold of a book, called, “Medea's Kettle; or, the Art of restoring decayed Beauty;” which contains a recipe for an infallible cosmetic to produce a most beautiful complexion. Well, this we mixed up, and I am sure we put every thing in, and exactly according to the directions. I spread it over her face when she went to bed. However, there must be a mistake somewhere; for, on hastening to see her in the morning, her whole face was a bright gay-turquoise! Only think how shocking—I thought I should have dropped. I could not help laughing, neither; she looked so comical. As for my lady, to be sure, she would have gone out of her wits, if I had not assured her, we should certainly be able to extract the color with warm water. Warm water we tried; scalding water we tried; but my poor lady's face remained just the same. We were now on the point of giving up any further attempts, when the laundry maid proposed trying some

stuff; muriatic acid, I think she called it; which she employed to take stains out of linen. This we accordingly did, and I do believe should have completely succeeded, but that the acid was yellowish, which mixing with the blue produced a delicate pea-green. This is my lady's present color, and here we stick. I never saw any thing like her, except the sign of the grasshopper, at the tea-shop in the city. We intend trying scalding water again; for my part, I am almost afraid, lest we may change her to some other color, which I should be sorry to do, as I have rather a fancy for pea-green. This might certainly be the case: lobsters and shrimps, we know, change color when boiled, and so do lilac ribbands. This is an idea of my own. But I hear my lady's bell; and, as, I cannot attend at present to any body in the world but her, I have only time to subscribe myself,

TABITHA TOILET.

SONNET.

To MELISSA'S LIPS.

Dear balmy lips of her who holds my heart
In the soft bondage of a love sincere!—
Dear *balmy* lips! your cherub smiles impart
To your adoring suppliant's earnest pray'r.
Not the fresh rose-bud, charg'd with vernal dew,
Nor the warm crimson of the blushing morn,
Nor the gay blossoms of the summer thorn,
Are half so glowing, or so sweet as you!

Dear lips!—permit *my trembling lips* to press
Your ripen'd softness, in a tender kiss:
And, while my throb'ing heart avows the bliss,
Will you—(dear lips!) the eager strangers bless?
‘Ah fond request!—the beauteous owner cries,
‘Cease wayward youth!—whoever touches—dies!*

BENEDICT.

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EPITAPH ON MR. JOSEPH CRUMP.

Once ruddy and plump,
But now a pale lump,
Lies honest Joe Crump,
Who wished to his neighbor no evil:
What tho, by Death's thump,
He's laid on his rump;
Yet up he shall jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph o'er Death and the Devil.

Madame de Genlis's Retirement.

It was said to me in Paris that madame de Genlis had retired to the Carmelites, "desabusee des vanites de cemonde et des chimeres de la celebrite."

I know not how far this may be true, but it is certain, that if she has done with the vanities of the world, she has by no means relinquished its refinements and taste; even amidst the coldness and austerity of a convent. Her apartment might have answered equally for the oratory of a saint, or the boudoir of a coquette. Her blue silk draperies, her alabaster vases, her fresh gathered flowers, and elegant Grecian couch, breathed still of this world: but the large crucifix, that image of suffering and humility which hung at the foot of the couch; the devotional books that lay mingled with lay-works, and the chaplets and rosaries which hung suspended from a wall, where a lute vibrated, and which her paintings adorned, indicated a vocation before which genius lay subdued, the graces forgotten. On showing me the pious relics which enriched this pretty cell. Madame de Genlis pointed out to my admiration a *Christ on the cross*, which hung at the foot of her bed. It was to be celebrated for the beauty of its execution that the pope had sent for it, when he was in Paris, and blessed it, here he returned the sad and holy representation to its distinguished owner. And she naturally placed great value on a rosary, which had belonged to Fenelon, and which that elegant saint had worn and prayed over till a few days before his death.

If years could be taken into account of a lady's age, madame de Genlis must be far advanced in life; for it is some time back since the baron de Grimm speaks of her, as a "demoiselle qualite, n'etait connue alors; que par sa jolie voix et son talent pour la harpe. Infirmity, however, seems to have spared her slight and emaciated figure; her dark eye is still full of life and impression; and tho her features are thin, worn and sharply marked and her complexion wan and pale, the traces of age are neither deep nor multiplied. If her person is infinitely less fresh and vigorous than her mind still it exhibits few of those sad impressions, which time slowly and imperceptibly prints with his withering and silent touch, on the firmest muscle and the brightest bloom.

The Theatre.

"*Ubi plura nitent in carmine non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*"—HORACE.

In a former number, we promised to present our readers, occasionally, with a general review of the "corps dramatique," during the present winter. Towards the fulfilment of that engagement, we shall at present only offer a very few brief remarks in general terms. We cannot, however, commence this task, without in this place, candidly avowing ourselves to be warm, but disinterested, friends of the Drama; and, as such, that we may perhaps in the course of our reviews, pass over many *faults* which a more severe critic might be disposed to notice; and that, we hope, we shall never forget the fallibility of human nature, while canvassing the merits and demerits of any individual performer. Too many, in our opinion, who have hitherto animadverted on our theatricals, have been too severe in their personalities. Far be it from us. We shall never, if possible to avoid it, wound the *feelings* of any individual actor. Our remarks will always be found expressed in general terms—and, wherever we discover more exertions to please than to disgust, we shall be ever readier to forgive than to reprehend.

The season commenced, undoubtly, under the most flattering auspices; and the citizens are predisposed to be pleased—and we feel confident they will not be disappointed. But as nothing very particular, during the week, has transpired in the Theatre, (excepting what we are extremely sorry to name *the riots*) which claims either censure or praise, we shall here close these preliminary remarks, by merely observing, that we again wish to see *the new Macbeth.* DRAMATICUS.

A Walk in London.

(Concluded.)

The prince of Wales's palace is no favorable specimen of English architecture. Before the house are thirty columns planted in a row, two and two, supporting nothing but a common entablature which connects them. As they serve for neither ornament nor use, a stranger might be puzzled to know by what accident they came there; but the truth is, that these people have more money than taste, and are satisfied with any absurdity if it has but the merit of being new. The same architect was employed to build a palace, not far distant, for the second prince of the blood, and in the front towards the street he constructed a large ovenlike room, completely obscuring the house to which it was to serve as an entrance-hall. These two buildings being described to the late lord North, who was blind the latter part of his life, he facetiously remarked—Then the duke of York, it should seem, has been sent to the round-house, and the prince of Wales is put into the pillory.

I had now passed the trading district, and found little to excite attention in large brick houses without uniformity, and without either beauty or magnificence. The royal palace itself is an old brick building, remarkable for nothing, except that the sovereign of Great-Britain should have no better a court; but it seems that the king never resides there. A passage thro the court-yard leads into St. James's park, the prado of London. Its trees are not so fine as might be expected in a country where water never fails, and the sun never scorches; here is also a spacious piece of water; but the best ornament of the park are the two towers of Westminster abbey. Having now reached the purposed limits of my walk, I passed thro a public building of some magnitude and little beauty, called the horse-guards, and again entered the public streets. Here where the pavement was broad, and the passengers not so numerous as to form a crowd, a beggar had taken his seat, and written his petition upon the stones with chalks of various colors, the letters formed with great skill, and ornamented with some taste. I stopped to admire his work, and gave him a trifle as a payment for the sight rather than his alms. Immediately opposite the horse-guards is the banqueting-house at white-hall; so fine a build-

ing, that if the latter architects had eyes to see, or understandings to comprehend its merit, they would never have disgraced the opposite side of the way with buildings so utterly devoid of beauty. This fragment of a great design by Inigo Jones is remarkable for many accounts: here is the window thro which Charles I. came out upon the scaffold; here also in the back-court the statue of James II. remains undisturbed,—with so few excesses was that great revolution accompanied; and here is the weathercock which was set up by his command that he might know every shifting of the wind when the invasion from Holland was expected, and the east wind was called *protestant* by the people, and the west *papist*.

My way home from Charing-cross was varied, in as much as I took the other side of the street for the sake of the shop windows, and the variety was greater than I had expected. It took me thro a place called Exeter-change, which is precisely a *bazar*, a sort of street under cover, or large long room, with a row of shops on either hand, and a thoroughfare between them; the shops being furnished with such articles as might tempt an idler, or remind a passenger of his wants—walking-sticks, implements for shaving, knives, scissors, watch-chains, purses, &c. At the farther end was a man in splendid costume who proved to belong to a menagerie above stairs, to which he invited me to ascend; but I declined this for the present, being without a companion. A maccaw was swinging on a perch above, and the outside of the building hung with enormous pictures of the animals which were there to be seen.

The oddest things which I saw in the whole walk were a pair of shoes in one window floating in a vessel of water, to show that they were water-proof; and a well-dressed leg in another, betokening that legs were made there to the life. One purchase I ventured to make, that of a travelling caissette; there were many at the shop door, with the prices marked upon them, so that I did not fear imposition. These things are admirably made, and exceedingly convenient. I was shown some which contained the whole apparatus of a man's toilet, but this seemed an ill assortment, as when writing you do not want the shaving materials, and when shaving as little do you want the writing-desk.

ESPRIELLA.

Walter Scott.

I should imagine that there is scarcely any other person in the profane world who is so much talked of as Walter Scott, and but few travellers come to Edinburgh without enquiring whether he be visible. In a small dark room, where one of the courts is held, he is to be seen every morning in term-time, seated at a small table with the acts of the court before him. He is a short, broad-shouldered, and rather robust man, with light hair, eyes between blue and gray, broad nose, round face, with an almost sleepy look, dressed in a shabby black gown, his lame leg concealed under the table, and the other extended in such a way as never leg, whether lame or sound, ought to be:—a man, forsooth, to whom you would swear that heaven had given a good natured, honest soul, not overburdened with intellect—a jolly, loyal subject, who is fond of port and porter, pays his taxes without grumbling, and can sing—*God save the King*. Not a poetic feature, nor a ray of genius in his face, except a somewhat animated eye, distinguishes the bust of the author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, from the stupid, vacant, and unlettered loon.

Mr. Scott is about 47 years old, and is descended from an obscure family in Lothian. In his infancy, as he himself relates, the old people took him upon their knees, called him *Little Watty* and told him all sorts of old stories and legends, while his brothers were abroad at work—from which he was exempted on account of his lameness. Some of the philosophers who attach a moral to all their fables, will probably make the discovery that the world owed one more great poet to the circumstance that Walter Scott was born with one leg shorter than the other. Well! e'en let them if they will!—Scott has been some time married to a Guernsey lady, a natural daughter of the late duke of Devonshire, with whom he is said to have received a portion of 10,000*l.* She was born in the island, and spoke wretched broken English. To her virtues belong an ungovernable fury against all the unlucky wights who censure her husband's works. It is reported, that when his *Marmion* was criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*, she could scarcely be restrained from pulling the ears of the editor when she met him some time after at a dinner party.

LAURA TO HER MOTHER.

Mother, with watchful eye you strive,
My freedom to restrain;
But know, unless I guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

It has been said, and reason's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,
That strict confinement's rigid hand
Enflames the wish to stray.
Love, once oppos'd, will soon increase,
And strength superior gain;
T'were better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein—
For if I do not guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

For her who will not guard herself,
No other guard you'll find;
Cunning and fear will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
Tho' death himself should bar my way,
His menace I'd disdain—
Then learn, that till I guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

The raptur'd heart which once has felt
A sense of love's delight,
Flies, like the morn's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light.
A thousand guards, a thousand cares,
Will ne'er the will restrain—
For if I do not guard myself,
All other guards are vain.

Such is the all-controlling force,
Of love's resistless storm;
It gives to beauty's fairest shape,
The dire Chimera's form.
To wax, the melting breast it turns,
Flames o'er the cheek are spread,
With hands of wool it opes the door,
Unfelt the footsteps tread.
Then try no more with fruitless care,
My wishes to restrain;
For if I do not guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

It is better to keep children to their duty by a sense of honor, and by kindness, than by fear and punishment.—TERENCE.

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